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to the Department; but to publish such information as a record and a fact would have been to join the ranks of the opera glass ornithologists, and so bring down upon my head the wrath of real collectors. What I would like to see is a real record of the Dickcissel in Virginia. No hard feelings, Doctor, as neither of us are ornithologists (though you unintentionally used the word) according to the advanced code.

HAROLD H. BAILEY.

Newport News, Va.,
March 23, 1920.

NOTES FROM LAKE COUNTY

EARLY DATE OF DICKCISSEL.—Always rare in the county, I was pleasantly surprised on April 18 of this year to find a male bird singing his raspy *schreeee-schree, schree, schree, schree*, from the very top of a small tree; dropping to the ground to feed every now and then, but always mounting to the top of a bush or tree again to continue his song. Though not yet in *full* adult summer plumage all characteristics were noted as he fed close at hand on the ground. I believe it unusual to find one this far north at quite such an early date, and as an anomaly in migration comparisons will add that the same day a friend and I discovered a Whistling Swan on the open water of Mentor marsh, fully six weeks later than one would naturally look for this bird. It was not a wounded bird as it flew strongly when flushed. It stayed in the vicinity until the 22d.

LATE DATE OF BOHEMIAN WAXWING.—Lake county was not slighted the past winter when the county was visited by large numbers of these interesting wanderers. I first noted a flock of fully 75 birds on January 27, and on February 20 watched for some time a detachment of half a dozen feeding on frozen apples in an orchard. On May 11, while hunting Warblers, a single Waxwing flew from one cottonwood to another some distance away. The larger size and immediate louder call note told me it was a belated Bohemian, so I went out of my way to make a close observation. The rufous under tail coverts and the white and yellow base on the wings confirmed my first decision.

E. A. DOOLITTLE.

Painesville, Ohio.

A MAY EVENING GROSBEAK IN LAKE COUNTY

To Mr. Glenn Vesey belongs the right of discovery of this bird. He reported seeing a male of the species on May 18, and knowing he would not be liable to be mistaken I searched for it late that

afternoon, but failed to find it. The next day I easily "rediscovered" it, and found it to be as he said,—a male bird in high plumage of yellow, black and white. It was also present on the 20th. The locality was a dense growth of haw-thorns on a river flat, the same constituting one local Robin and Grackle nest. The Grackle was apparently feeding on the seeds of the dropped haw apples, being flushed each time from the ground beneath the canopy of boughs. Was very unafraid and would return after a short fight to its original feeding place.

E. A. DOOLITTLE.

Painesville, Ohio.

SOME OF OUR GREAT WADING BIRDS

Our big wading birds of the marshes—the Cranes, Storks and Herons—are the majestic birds that artists of the Orient have for ages made so much of; the birds that American artists simulate far more than any others for decorative effects.

Some of these stand four or five feet high, wade in water two feet deep, and measure seven to eight feet from tip to tip of wings. The average person here sees one only occasionally, and then is delightfully enthused at having had such an opportunity. They are the æsthetic bird of the world.

The Big Blue Heron (there is a little Blue Heron) feed on frogs, fish, crustaceans, lizards, salamanders, mice, etc. They have a long, strong, sharp bill, and woe to anything in their line of food that gets within their reach.

This heron has been blacklisted by the Pennsylvania law—is not protected at any season. I consider this an error in judgment, and hope those of our people who go out with a gun will regard this bird in the same light I do. We can well afford to spare a few fish and frogs for the privilege of occasionally seeing one of these stately, magnificent fellows. They are unfit for food, and why snuff out their lives? Why ignominiously make of them meat for the maggots?

Scientific investigation is constantly bringing to light new facts regarding the food and habits of birds. As a consequence, some that a few years ago were protected are now outcasts, and vice versa.

Injustice is often worked by organizations of sportsmen, who insist on such laws as will bring most to their bag or creel, with no consideration for the ideally beautiful in nature. This insistence is too often allowed to outweigh the views or wishes of the masses, because but one side of the measure is pushed. The sport these advocates crave for is all right, and to be encouraged, but not